7 #10

2/21/73 a.m.
(Isolation)

Dearest Pal,

I recieved your letters of the 18th + 19th today. I once had a nice apartment with a fireplace in the living room. It didn't burn real wood but had some realistic looking gas logs. Friends, especially one place mate in particular, helped me enjoy many a cold night in front of that fireplace. We used to sit on the carpet in front of it + sing songs + I would always serve my "special". I had some big thick ceramic mugs I filled with hot chocolate, spiked with a creme de cocoa + topped with whipped cream. I have always held a special place in my heart for fireplaces, + can't wait to see YOUR real one + serve you + Lil one of my "specials" which will only be followed by the most righteous for out steak dinner either of you could ever have dreamed of getting. Since it is getting even longer overdue, it'll make it that much better. I once went with a guy from Washington state who taught me some really neat things about "splitting wood." He put himself through college that way + also made lots of $ whenever a fire broke out up there. If my Dad wouldn't have litterly guarded his precious pecan tree, it would have been felled, + cored within 5 minutes. I also remember how the only happy times in my entire childhood were spent in the girl scouts. I still have my merit badges and had won all but one that the girl scouts ever offered. Did anyone ever tell you about my turtles? When I was 12-14, I had 44 box turtles, who would eat banana pieces out of my hand. 36 of them were females who stayed pregnant. They would lay their eggs which usually hatched 90 days later. I used to get $5.00 ea each for baby box turtles as they are so cute + rare. My parents never objected to it except that they prohibited me to watch them mate (fornicate as they called it). They said it was dirty. One day a mean boy stole one of them. I told my Dad who called the police who laughingly filled out a report on it. My Dad gave a copy of it to our insurance agent who gave my Dad a check for $5.00 for the "great theft". When my Dad

(OVER)

2 found out it was a pregnant female turtle, He dewormed + resold 20 more. None of this I'd get away. I told my best friend + next door neighbor Larry Marullo about it + he and Paul Slaubaugh went over to Randy Siebert's house, beat him up + brought me back my scared homesick box turtle. Since our insurance rates jumped $20.00 a year right afterwards to cover fire, + theft including "all pets or menagerie". I had to follow the immediate parental orders to get rid of my turtles. (I just got word from "pony express" a trustee who says Mr. Scott just came in the front door down stairs - fast + not smiling) I already have a clean uniform on, hair combed + teeth brushed + am waiting for the matron to come unlock the door to inform me. I will once again blow her mind, by standing there all ready. What'd I tell you - have to go! Just got back from seeing Scott. That guy totally pissed me off good. He wanted my parent's address + phone number + wrote it down while I warned him about them. That Mr. Scott, he must be going nuts too. I told how I had gotten a letter from a boy who lives two houses from my parents, a boy who is studying to become a Catholic priest. I told him how my parents were spending $15000.00 to throw holds on me, one of them psychiatric. You know what that son of a bitch responded? That they should send it straight to him, that he'd do it personally. I want him off my case Harold, + NOW. I'm going to wait several hours to cool off enough to send him a letter in the mail telling him exactly that and to send me a bill for anything he has done to my benefit up to Feb. 21st 1973. So if you know of any lawyers in Houston, send me thier address, I'm going to need one that will be willing to handle my case, which I'll see he gets paid for + not one interested in making more money "fucking me over" down here. If Scott would have told me I was going to the electric chair, I could have accepted that. Even if he was just joking with me when he said that crap - I could never ever forgive him. Before he came up with that line of shit, he told me I would be able to get out of here on bond real soon + that he hadn't received any letters from you at all.

[3] Sneaky Pea is going to court Friday + will try to talk to some lawyer or somebody there for me then. She doesn't think I ought to fire Scott though. I've been translating all your letters into "jive talk" for her + have told her how righteous you are. She says we're both "really heavy soul people". That means she likes us one hell of a lot. That's supposed to be kept a secret though she says. She doesn't want anyone to know that she likes anybody in here. I'll be scared to death to sign any bond papers sent to me in here. I am now totally paranoid that my parent(s) will be somehow involved + I'll end up being dragged back to their home or to a even worse place than here. I know Scott will have already gone to great pains to have my court date reset sooner before he gets my letter to him. I figure I'll still be here at the time + he won't be there for the event. I'm going to keep requesting postponements and I figure after 7 years the statue of limitations will have run out on my charge and I only hope + will still be praying that they remember I'm still here in isolation and will let me out. If not, + I have to spend the rest of my life in here, I'll still consider myself fantastically lucky that I'll get to be away from my parents for it. You don't know what it was like in that house. I'm over 21 now (another year or so come March 3rd) and I still can't get away from them. I absolutely refuse to have to put up with any more of their harassments antagonisms or their constant attempts to screw up my head which only got completely straight by getting away from them. I SWEAR it Harold. I think I'll wait until Friday before sending Scott that letter, even though I know that by then I won't have cooled off but that it will have fermented on my mind that much more instead. I just feel too sick to write it now.

Keep in Touch

— Hurt Woman —

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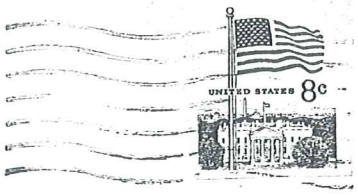

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